THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS — IT'S

TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

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AND, ON A ROOFTOP--JUST AROUND THE CORNER--

LOOK! THEIR SKINS ARE TURNING BLUE --AND THEY'RE GASPING FOR BREATH--AS THOUGH SUFFOCATING!

THEY WERE IN DISGUISE! THEY'RE REALLY ATLANTEANS! BUT, WHATEVER ENABLED THEM TO BREATHE AIR IS STARTING TO WEAR OFF!

DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF 'EM! IT MAY BE A TRICK! AND NAMOR IS JUST TURNING THE CORNER NOW--!

NAMOR--WALKING INTO A TRAP! I--MUST WARN HIM--NO MATTER WHAT--!

EVEN IF I SHALL PERISH--THE TRUE LORD OF ATLANTIS MUST LIVE!

NAMOR! TAKE TO THE AIR, MY PRINCE! A DEADLY AMBUSH AWAITS YOU!

THE GIRL! SILENCE HER, YOU FOOLS!

IT'S TOO LATE! THE DAMAGE IS ALREADY DONE!

AT THAT SPLIT-SECOND, THE MIGHTY ARRAY OF ARMAMENTS OPENS FIRE ON TARGET ZERO--THE FATEFUL CORNER AROUND WHICH THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST AMPHIBIAN MORTAL WAS ABOUT TO APPEAR--

FIRE!

BRAKOOM!

BUT, DORMA'S WARNING HAD COME JUST IN TIME--EXCEPT FOR ONE ROCKET-POWERED SHELL WHICH GRAZES NAMOR'S MIGHTY SHOULDER--

THAT IS STILL ANOTHER DEBT I OWE THE MURDEROUS KRANG! AND, I SHALL--UNNHHH!--

A SHELL! IT--HAS STRUCK ME--!

THEY THINK ME RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TIDAL WAVE WITH WHICH KRANG INUNDATED THE ENTIRE CITY!*

SPAT

*REMEMBER "TIDAL WAVE TIME" LAST WEEK? SURE YOU DO,--AFFABLE ALF.

BUT, THERE STILL IS TIME TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT I MUST--BEFORE THEY CAN ALTER THE ANGLE OF ELEVATION UPON THEIR ACCURSED WEAPONS!

KRANG AND DORMA BOTH ARE STILL UPON THE NETTING IN WHICH THEY WERE ENTRAPPED--!

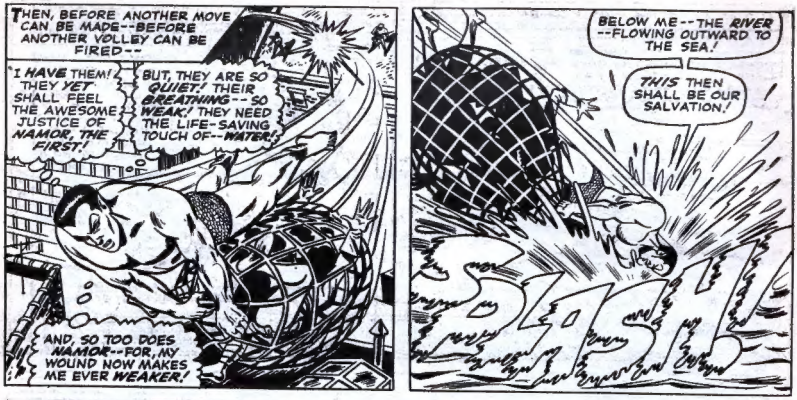
IF I CAN JUST SWOOP DOWN WITH GREAT ENOUGH SPEED--!

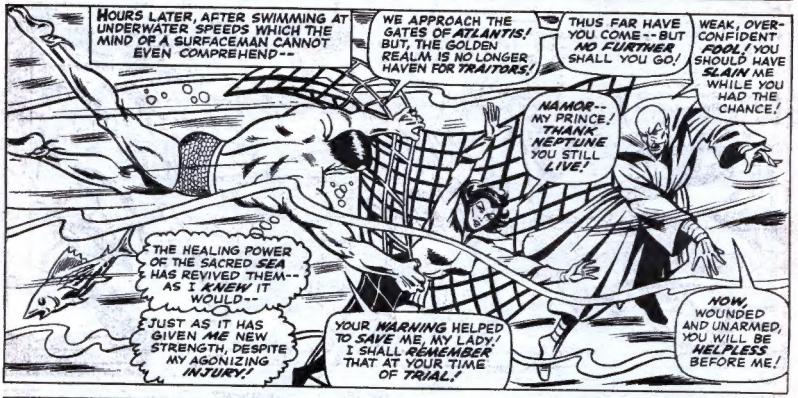
LOOK! WE DIDN'T STOP HIM! HE'S PLUNGING TOWARD THE OTHER TWO!

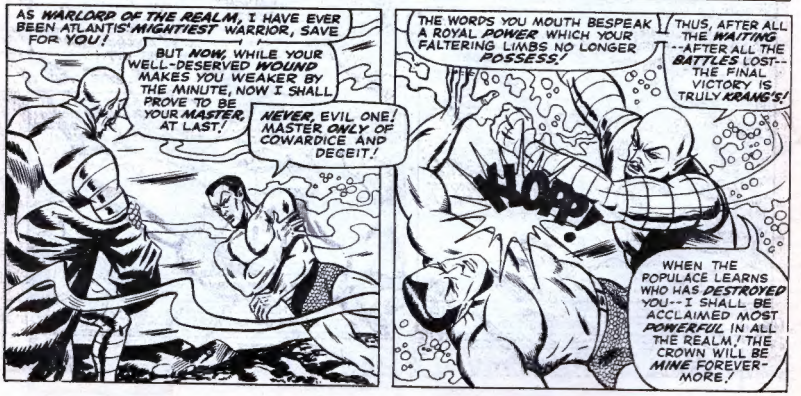
HOLD YOUR FIRE! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS, WHILE HE'S BETWEEN THOSE BUILDINGS!

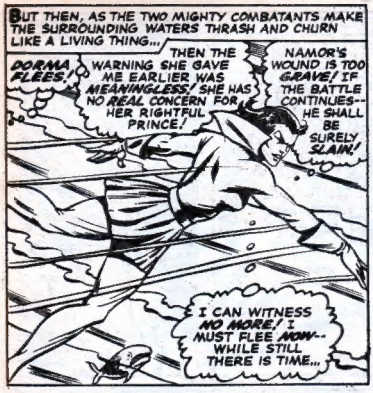
STILL TIME TO WIN A BIKE!!

SEE PAGE 26


THEN, BEFORE ANOTHER MOVE CAN BE MADE--BEFORE ANOTHER VOLLEY CAN BE FIRED--
"I HAVE THEM! THEY YET SHALL FEEL THE AWESOME JUSTICE OF NAMOR, THE FIRST!"
BUT, THEY ARE SO QUIET! THEIR BREATHING--SO WEAK! THEY NEED THE LIFE-SAVING TOUCH OF--WATER!
AND, SO TOO DOES NAMOR--FOR, MY WOUND NOW MAKES ME EVER WEAKER!
BELOW ME--THE RIVER--FLOWING OUTWARD TO THE SEA!
THIS THEN SHALL BE OUR SALVATION!
SLAP


HOURS LATER, AFTER SWIMMING AT UNDERWATER SPEEDS WHICH THE MIND OF A SURFACEMAN CANNOT EVEN COMPREHEND--
WE APPROACH THE GATES OF ATLANTIS! BUT, THE GOLDEN REALM IS NO LONGER HAVEN FOR TRAITORS!
THUS FAR HAVE YOU COME--BUT NO FURTHER SHALL YOU GO!
WEAK, OVER-CONFIDENT FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SLAIN ME WHILE YOU HAD THE CHANCE!
NAMOR--MY PRINCE! THANK NEPTUNE YOU STILL LIVE!
THE HEALING POWER OF THE SACRED SEA HAS REVIVED THEM--AS I KNEW IT WOULD--
JUST AS IT HAS GIVEN ME NEW STRENGTH, DESPITE MY AGONIZING INJURY!
YOUR WARNING HELPED TO SAVE ME, MY LADY! I SHALL REMEMBER THAT AT YOUR TIME OF TRIAL!
NOW, WOUNDED AND UNARMED, YOU WILL BE HELPLESS BEFORE ME!


AS WARLORD OF THE REALM, I HAVE EVER BEEN ATLANTIS' MIGHTIEST WARRIOR, SAVE FOR YOU!
BUT NOW, WHILE YOUR WELL-DESERVED WOUND MAKES YOU WEAKER BY THE MINUTE, NOW I SHALL PROVE TO BE YOUR MASTER, AT LAST!
NEVER, EVIL ONE! MASTER ONLY OF COWARDICE AND DECEIT!
THE WORDS YOU MOUTH BESPEAK A ROYAL POWER WHICH YOUR FALTERING LIMBS NO LONGER POSSESS!
THUS, AFTER ALL THE WAITING--AFTER ALL THE BATTLES LOST--THE FINAL VICTORY IS TRULY KRANG'S!
HOOP!
WHEN THE POPULACE LEARNS WHO HAS DESTROYED YOU--I SHALL BE ACCLAIMED MOST POWERFUL IN ALL THE REALM! THE CROWN WILL BE MINE FOREVERMORE!


BUT THEN, AS THE TWO MIGHTY COMBATANTS MAKE THE SURROUNDING WATERS THRASH AND CHURN LIKE A LIVING THING...
DORMA FLEES!
THEN THE WARNING SHE GAVE ME EARLIER WAS MEANINGLESS! SHE HAS NO REAL CONCERN FOR HER RIGHTFUL PRINCE!
NAMOR'S WOUND IS TOO GRAVE! IF THE BATTLE CONTINUES--HE SHALL BE SURELY SLAIN!
I CAN WITNESS NO MORE! I MUST FLEE NOW--WHILE STILL THERE IS TIME...

AND, SEEING WHAT HE BELIEVES TO BE NEW EVIDENCE OF DORMA'S BETRAYAL, THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER SEEMS TO LOSE THE WILL TO FIGHT--INDEED, THE VERY WILL TO LIVE--!
HOW LONG I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS GLORIOUS MOMENT! AT LAST I TRIUMPH OVER MY GREATEST ENEMY--AT LAST I DEFEAT YOU IN TIME-HONOURED HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!
KRAM!

WHILE, WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATES OF ETERNAL ATLANTIS--
VASHT! NEPTUNE BE PRAISED THAT I HAVE FOUND YOU!
OUR TRUE PRINCE BATTLES FOR HIS LIFE BEYOND THE GATES--AND ONLY YOU CAN SAVE HIM!
MY LADY! YOU HAVE RETURNED!
QUICKLY! INTO THE SANCTUM OF SCIENCE WITH ME!

SECONDS LATER, AFTER DORMA HAS BREATHLESSLY EXPLAINED...
YOU MUST NOW DETAIL HIS EXACT LOCATION FOR ME--THAT I MAY PIN-POINT THE ROYAL TELEPORTATION BEAM!
CLACK

NO SOONER DOES DORMA DO AS ORDERED, WHEN--
THE TELEPORTATION BEAM! NO! NO!
NOT NOW! NOT WHEN I WAS SO CLOSE TO MY GREATEST GOAL--TO MY MOST MAGNIFICENT VICTORY!
WHSSSS!

BE A KING—ON A MUSTANG!!

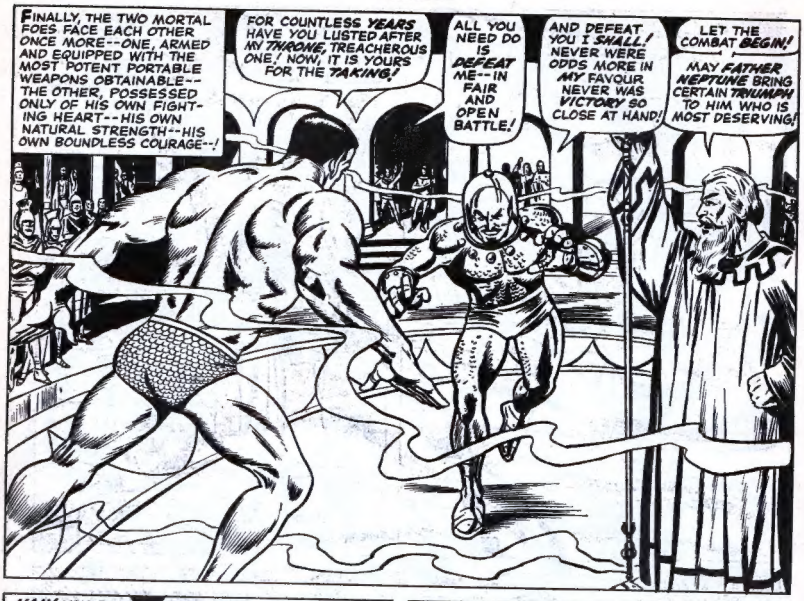
A MERE EXECUTION WILL SETTLE NOTHING, WARLORD THAT WAS!
YOU STILL BELIEVE THE CROWN OF ATLANTIS SHOULD BE YOURS--WHILE NAMOR IS WELL CERTAIN YOU ARE NOT FIT TO RULE!
BUT, BEFORE YOU MEET YOUR JUDGMENT--ALL THE REALM MUST KNOW--BEYOND SHADOW OF DOUBT--WHICH OF US IS MASTER!
THUS, WE SHALL DO BATTLE--WITH THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS AS THE WINNER'S PRIZE!

BUT, ALL THE WORLD KNOWS THAT NONE CAN MATCH YOUR ACCURSED STRENGTH!
NO MATTER! THE ODDS SHALL BE EQUALLED! NAMOR WILL USE NO WEAPON--WEAR NO ARMAMENT!
WHILEST YOU MAY BE ADORNED WITH WHATEVER YOUR VILLAINOUS LIMBS CAN CARRY!
AGREED, MY PRINCE! AT LAST YOU HAVE O'ER-REACHED YOURSELF! I SHALL EMPLOY WEAPONS ENOUGH TO CRUSH YOU INTO ETERNAL EXTINCTION!
RECONSIDER, MY LORD! THE PRISONER IS MASTER OF WEAPONRY! EVEN YOUR POWER WILL NOT BE ENOUGH--!
SILENCE! THE SUB-MARINER HAS SPOKEN! THE WORD OF A MONARCH MUST STAND ETERNAL!

THEN, IN THE MOMENTS THAT FOLLOW--
NAMOR CAN NEVER PREVAIL AGAINST A SUIT OF MAGNESIUM CHAIN MAIL ARMOUR—WORN OVER A PROTECTIVE ELECTRO-REPELLENT CHEST SHIELD!
ONCE AGAIN THAT ACCURSED EGOIST'S CONCEIT WILL BE HIS UNDOING!

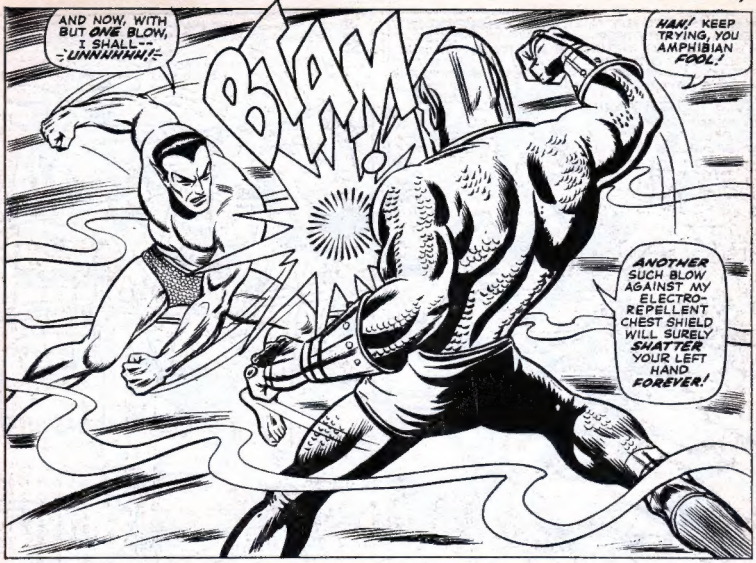
HE HIMSELF PROPOSED THE DESIGN FOR THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE COMMAND HELMET!
--LITTLE DREAMING IT WOULD ONE DAY BE USED AGAINST HIM!

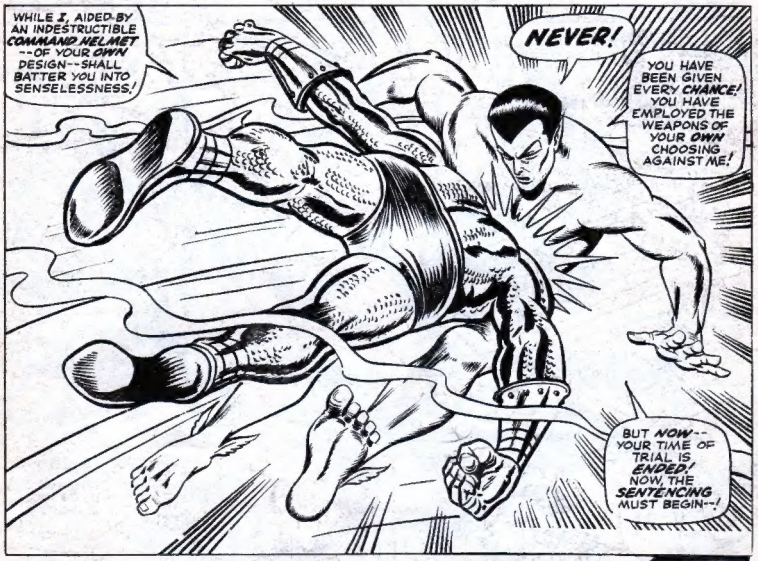
AND, MY CHIEF WEAPONS SHALL BE THESE FORGED STEEL GAUNTLETS--ARMED WITH DEADLY ELECTRONIC KNUCKLES!
SURELY THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT--NAMOR IS DOOMED!


FINALLY, THE TWO MORTAL FOES FACE EACH OTHER ONCE MORE--ONE, ARMED AND EQUIPPED WITH THE MOST POTENT PORTABLE WEAPONS OBTAINABLE--THE OTHER, POSSESSED ONLY OF HIS OWN FIGHTING HEART--HIS OWN NATURAL STRENGTH--HIS OWN BOUNDLESS COURAGE--!
FOR COUNTLESS YEARS HAVE YOU LUSTED AFTER MY THRONE, TREACHEROUS ONE! NOW, IT IS YOURS FOR THE TAKING!
ALL YOU NEED DO IS DEFEAT ME--IN FAIR AND OPEN BATTLE!
AND DEFEAT YOU I SHALL! NEVER WERE ODDS MORE IN MY FAVOUR NEVER WAS VICTORY SO CLOSE AT HAND!
LET THE COMBAT BEGIN!
MAY FATHER NEPTUNE BRING CERTAIN TRIUMPH TO HIM WHO IS MOST DESERVING!

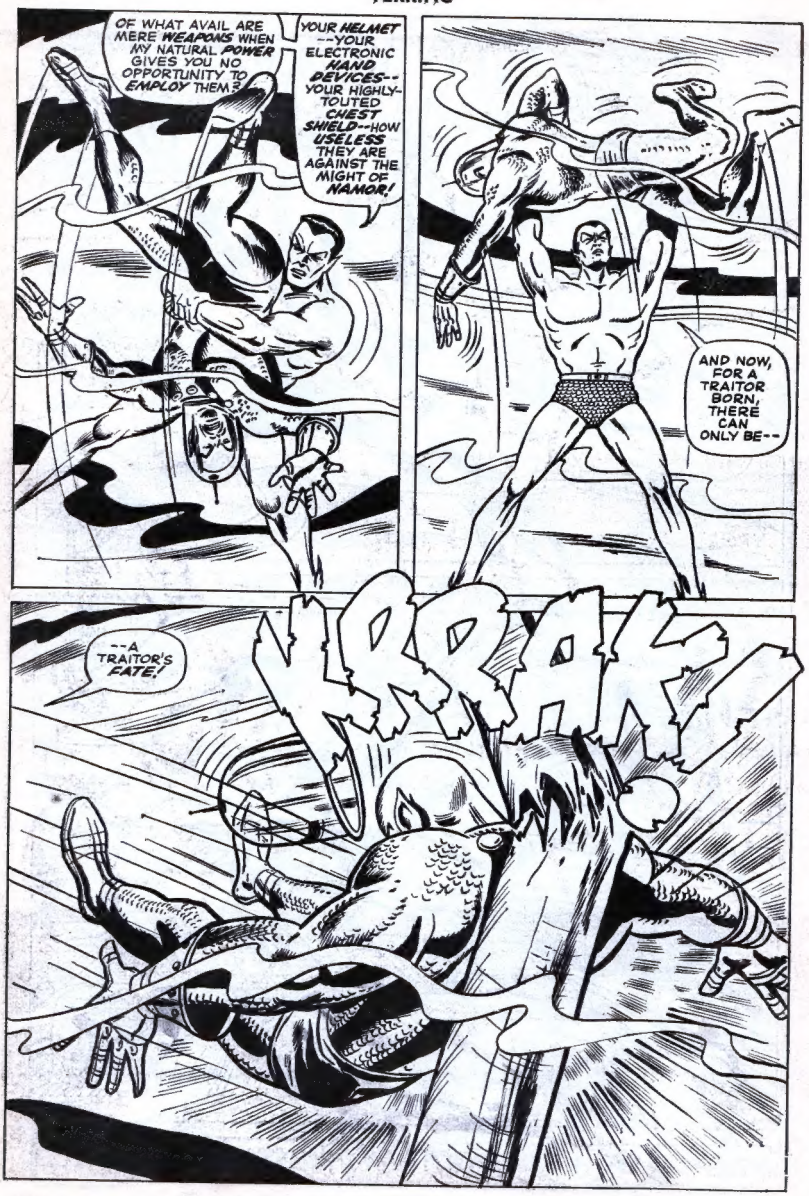
HAH! YOU DID NOT OBSERVE THAT MY HANDS WERE SHEATHED IN ELECTRONIC KNUCKLES!
EVEN YOU CANNOT RESIST THE SHATTERING POWER OF THEIR POUNDING ATTACK!
THPANG!!

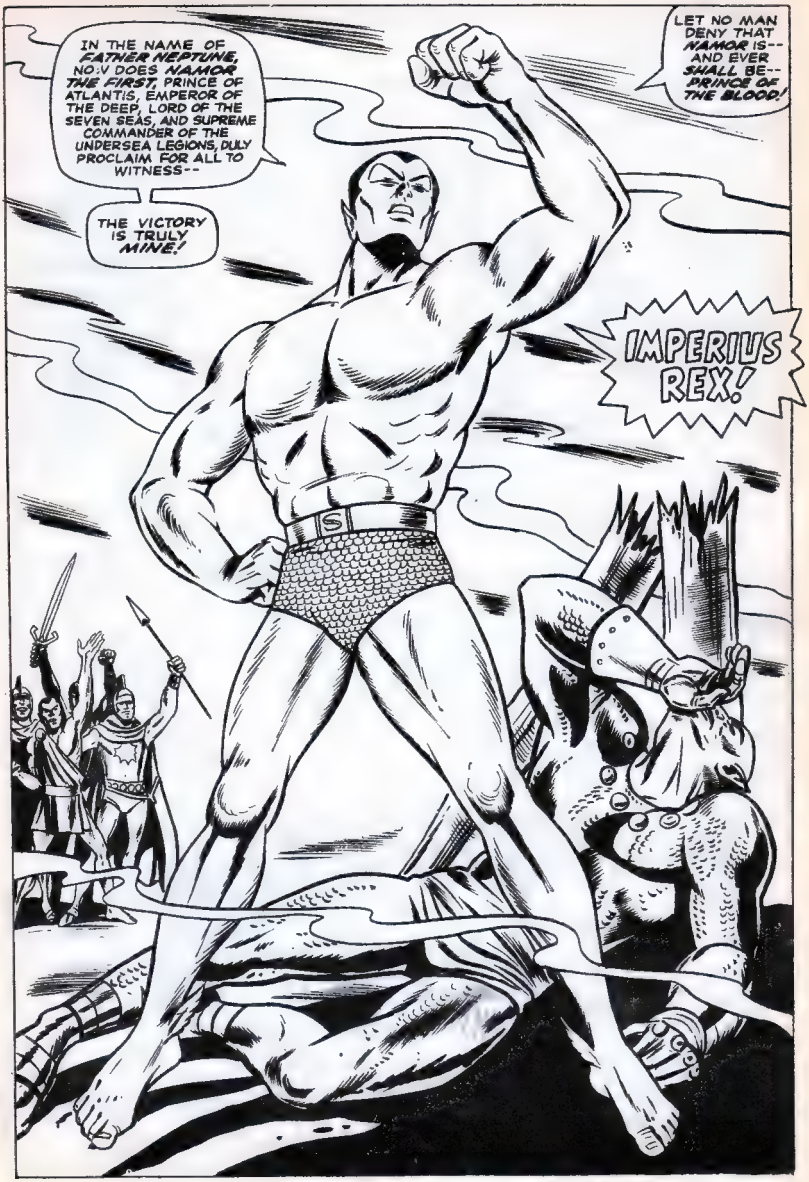
BUT, EVEN WHILE FALLING BACK, THE PROUD PRINCE OF THE REALM PLANS A WITHERING COUNTER-ATTACK--AND, BY THE TIME HE HAS TOUCHED THE GROUND BENEATH HIM--
THOSE LEGS! THAT BLINDING SPEED!
DID YOU THINK ONE BLOW COULD REDUCE PRINCE NAMOR TO HELPLESSNESS?!
TOO LONG HAVE I WAITED FOR THIS GLORIOUS MOMENT OF TOTAL RETRIBUTION!





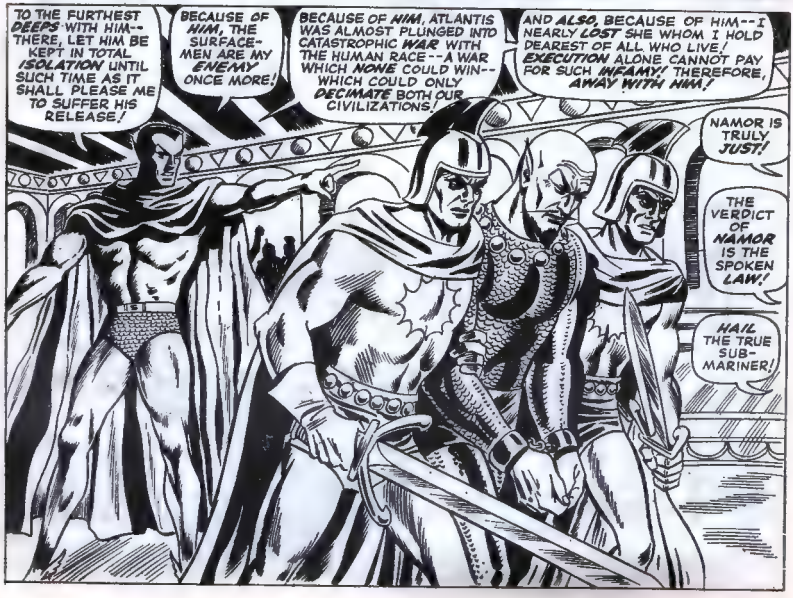
KEEP UP WITH WINGFOOT—*ON A MUSTANG!!*

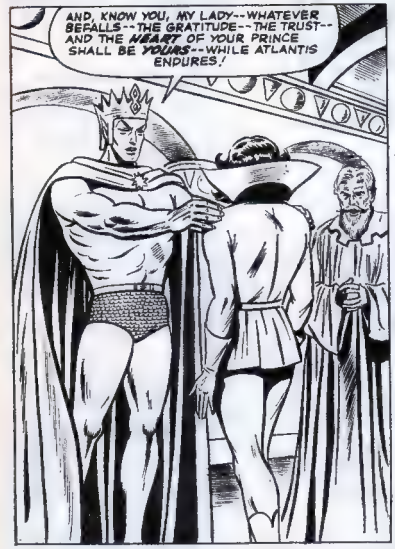

OF WHAT AVAIL ARE MERE WEAPONS WHEN MY NATURAL POWER GIVES YOU NO OPPORTUNITY TO EMPLOY THEM?
YOUR HELMET --YOUR ELECTRONIC HAND DEVICES--YOUR HIGHLY-TOUTED CHEST SHIELD--HOW USELESS THEY ARE AGAINST THE MIGHT OF NAMOR!
AND NOW, FOR A TRAITOR BORN, THERE CAN ONLY BE--
--A TRAITOR'S FATE!
KRRAK!


IN THE NAME OF FATHER NEPTUNE, NOW DOES NAMOR THE FIRST, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS, EMPEROR OF THE DEEP, LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNDERSEA LEGIONS, DULY PROCLAIM FOR ALL TO WITNESS--
THE VICTORY IS TRULY MINE!
LET NO MAN DENY THAT NAMOR IS-- AND EVER SHALL BE-- PRINCE OF THE BLOOD!
IMPERIUS REX!

NOW, LET THE TRAITOR RISE!
ONCE BEFORE I HAVE SENT YOU INTO EXILE--BUT YOU DARED ESCAPE TO CHALLENGE MY REIGN ANEW!
BUT, NEVERMORE SHALL SUCH OPPORTUNITY AFFORD ITSELF! ALL OF ATLANTIS KNOWS YOU HAVE BEEN BESTED IN FAIR COMBAT!
ALL OF ATLANTIS KNOWS--'TIS NAMOR WHO IS SUPREME!
WHAT THEN IS TO BE MY FATE?

THE FATE OF ALL WHO BETRAY THEIR TRUST!
NEVER AGAIN SHALL YOU BEHOLD THE GLORY OF ATLANTIS! NEVER AGAIN SHALL YOU WALK AS AN EQUAL AMONGST OTHERS OF THE REALM!
THE VERDICT IS MINE--BUT 'TWAS YOU WHO OCCASIONED IT!


TO THE FURTHEST DEEPS WITH HIM--THERE, LET HIM BE KEPT IN TOTAL ISOLATION UNTIL SUCH TIME AS IT SHALL PLEASE ME TO SUFFER HIS RELEASE!
BECAUSE OF HIM, THE SURFACE-MEN ARE MY ENEMY ONCE MORE!
BECAUSE OF HIM, ATLANTIS WAS ALMOST PLUNGED INTO CATASTROPHIC WAR WITH THE HUMAN RACE--A WAR WHICH NONE COULD WIN--WHICH COULD ONLY DECIMATE BOTH OUR CIVILIZATIONS!
AND ALSO, BECAUSE OF HIM--I NEARLY LOST SHE WHOM I HOLD DEAREST OF ALL WHO LIVE! EXECUTION ALONE CANNOT PAY FOR SUCH INFAMY! THEREFORE, AWAY WITH HIM!
NAMOR IS TRULY JUST!
THE VERDICT OF NAMOR IS THE SPOKEN LAW!
HAIL THE TRUE SUB-MARINER!



WIN A MUSTANG!!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:— *TERRIFIC* 64, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
I think TERRIFIC is great. The best thing (among others) about Power Comics is they never change the characters in the comics, but if they do they always change them for better ones (like Brand X comics don't).
There is only one complaint to make and that is in TERRIFIC No. 3 you showed Odin with two eyes. He has in fact only one. This is because he gave one to a giantess for some wine which would help him to see into the future!
Yours loyally,
Phillip Ruston,
Leeds 12, Yorks.

Reckon she gave it him back so he could read his POWER Comics, Phillip!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Have I been dying to write this letter to you! FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC are great and are ten times better than any other comics (Praises.) Goldilocks (Thor) as I call him, is fantabulous. So is Iron Man and the X-Men. I like Cyclops the best out of the X-Men. Link Big!
In TERRIFIC I like all of them, Prince Namor (Imperious Rex), the Avengers (Cap forever) and Dr. Strange (Reign over Mordo). And as for Don Starr—Great.
Questions:
1. Because Don Blake holds the powers of Thor, is he immortal?
2. The serial Iron Man v. Jack Frost, I declare, was before Tony Stark made his new Iron Man suit, yet he was wearing his new suit—HOW?
P.s.—Keep up the great work.
P.p.s—Call me Bill.
Billy Inwood,
Kingswood, Bristol.

1. No—as Don Blake he can still be killed, Bill.
2. Simple! We altered his suit for him!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Did you know that the Power emblem is almost identical to the emblem of my karate club.
We have clenched fists on our karate suits, our holdalls and also it is the centre-piece of our lapel badges.
How about giving us a new character with the power symbol on his shirt so we karate guys can feel right with it!
If you called him K-Man we would soon be asking, "Who is this guy Hulk?"
Arthur Stewart,
Glasgow.

So you're one of these guys who slice bread with one hand and chop the wood with the other, Arthur. We can't promise a K-Man *sweat shirt but how about a pair of mittens?*
Alf and Bart.

Dear Adorable Alf and Beautiful Bart,
In that masterpiece in which Zemo created Wonder-Man he could pull up trees, etc., and Zemo stated that he was as strong as Giant-Man. In TERRIFIC No. 1 when you showed how Henry Pym became Giant Man he stated that as he grew bigger he stayed the same strength as any normal mortal. How then is he the strongest member of that adorable lot of heavenly super-heroes (viz—the Avengers), if this is true. On this subject, 'Nuff said!
When I first saw that TERRIFIC and FANTASTIC came out costing ninepence, I did not think that I could afford it, until I had a look!
Yours admiringly,
Peter Openshaw,
Glastonbury, Somerset.

Henry doesn't stay at his normal strength when he shoots up to giant size, Pete. His strength increases . . . not proportionately *but at a* ratio *to his height! This is why he had to make complex calculations to find out the best height for Giant Man. And if that's not* perfectly *clear be patient! All will be revealed and* doubly *explained in the near future when we begin the searing saga of Giant Man!*
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
My name is Brooke Bond 008. My mission is to capture Ty Phoo, leader of the Brand X comics. I found him in Yucasoumi in China, I gave his bodyguard one look at TERRIFIC and he fainted, then I gave Ty Phoo the same treatment. It worked. I took him back to Power headquarters. Ty Phoo was sentenced to live the rest of his life reading Power Comics! To us loyal members of the secret Brotherhood of Power—luxury, but to Ty Phoo leader of the Brand X comics, UUGGGH!
Brooke Bond (Nicholas Glover),
Dagenham, Essex.

But, Bond, surely even the most die-hard brand X-Man would change to a frantic power-house follower when given a glimpse of TERRIFIC!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
You know when Thor and Sub-Mariner say, "Puny Earthlings," and "Helpless Humans," well they must be out of their minds because I know some people who are not "Puny Earthlings," and that's you. You have the strength of all the children in the nation. And you must be magic to even think of the stories to put in your Fantastic Power comics. You are also in a way immune because if you are harmed its Bye-Bye SMASH, POW, WHAM, FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC (which is my favourite) so we will protect you with our lives. I'm sure any of your power fans would agree with what I'm saying.
Peter Mousley,
Newport, Mon.

Thanks, Peter! It's always nice to feel wanted!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I have a complaint to make. I have two grandmothers and a great-grandmother. None of them read TERRIFIC, POW or any other comic like that. How can I persuade them that their education is being neglected? They won't even let me buy one for them! What do you suggest I do about it?
Frank Rose,
Uxbridge, Middx.

P.s.—My parents are just as bad.

They must all be going through an awkward stage, Frank. But you should look on the bright side—we get hundreds of letters from unfortunate frantic ones who never even see their TERRIFIC, because all their relatives grab it first!
Alf and Bart.

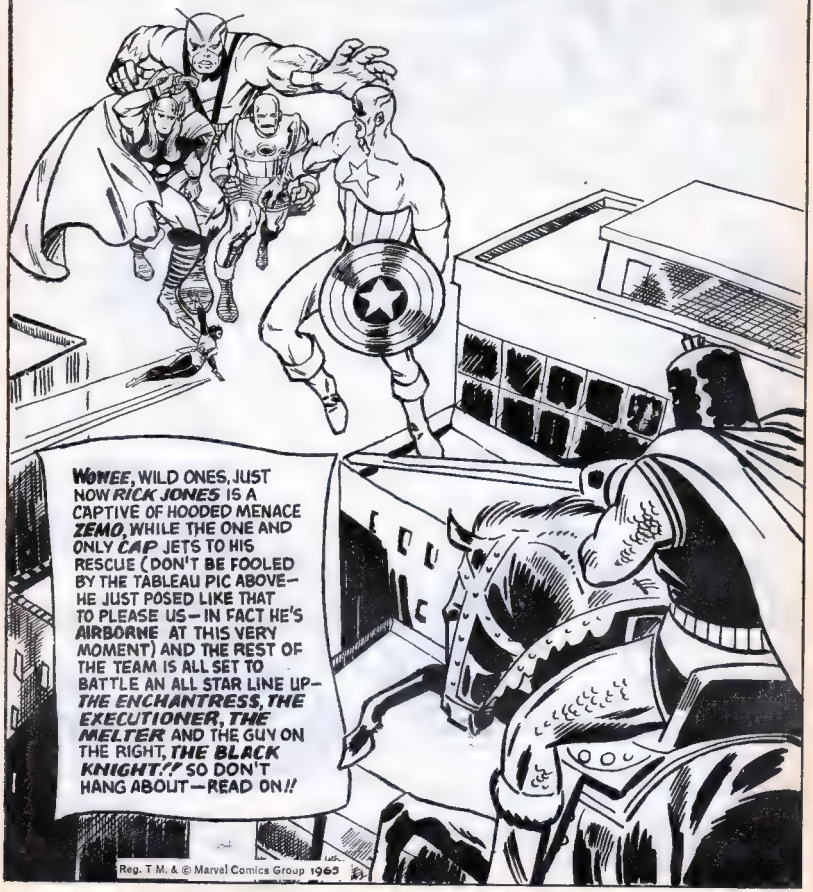
Dear Alf and Bart,
My sister has found that match-stick catapult, ouch! She has just fired some match-sticks! Help! Oh please give something free that I can use as a weapon against my sister.
Sorry I cannot stay any longer—here comes my sister. Help!
Kevin Maugham,
Blaydon, Co. Durham.

Seems she's more than a match *for you, Kevin!*
Alf and Bart.

There is no need to miss your favourite 40 pages of super-power (we mean TERRIFIC) when you're away on holiday because EXTRA supplies have been rushed to all British holiday resorts! Wherever you go you will find your copy of TERRIFIC on sale at the usual time.
Remember to help your newsagent when you're going away. If you have your TERRIFIC reserved or delivered please tell him in good time when to stop delivery and when to start again.
Alf and Bart.

The MIGHTY AVENGERS

NOW, BY MY HAND SHALL DIE A VILLAIN! PART 2



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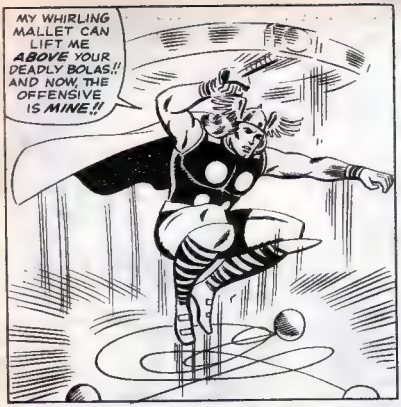
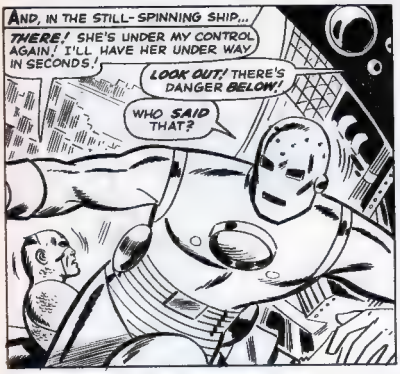
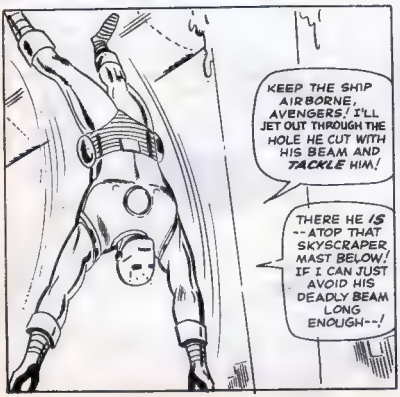
I'VE GOT TO STRIKE BEFORE THEY CAN PREPARE A DEFENCE!!
I HAVE THE PERFECT WEAPON AGAINST AN ENEMY PLANE--I'LL DISLODGE IT NOW!
THERE! THE MOMENT MY LANCE'S HAND-GUARD FLIES INTO THE AIR, THE INCREASED ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE WILL CAUSE IT TO EXPAND...
...SPINNING AROUND IN A PERFECT CIRCLE, AT SUCH GREAT SPEED THAT ITS EDGES BECOME SHARPER THAN THE KEENEST SWORD BLADES!!
AND NOW, THE SUCTION IT CAUSES IS MAKING THE PLANE SPIN, ALSO!
WITHIN SECONDS, THE HELPLESS SHIP WILL BE CUT TO RIBBONS BY THE WHIRLING CIRCLE OF RAZOR-SHARP STEEL!
BUT, THE BLACK KNIGHT HAS RECKONED WITHOUT MIGHTY THOR, WHO COMES HURTLING OUT OF THE CAPTIVE SHIP LIKE A LIVING THUNDERBOLT--!!
IN THE NAME OF THE AVENGERS --
I STRIKE !!
KLANGGG
JUST IN TIME! WE'D HAVE HIT THAT SPINNING BLADE IN ONE MORE SECOND!!
THOR!! TURN, AND FACE YOUR DOOM!!
EVEN YOUR HAMMER WILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO SAVE YOU FROM MY VAST ARRAY OF WEAPONS!
YOU THINK NOT, MORTAL? THEN, BEHOLD--!!


MY WHIRLING MALLET CAN LIFT ME ABOVE YOUR DEADLY BOLAS!! AND NOW, THE OFFENSIVE IS MINE!!

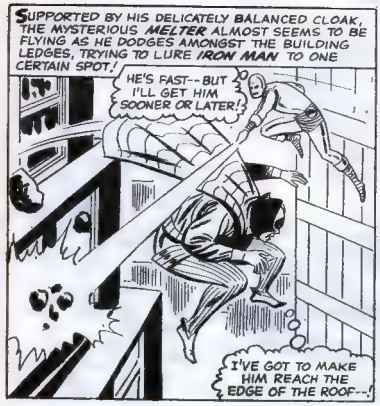
FASTER, MY TRUSTY STEED! WE MUST LURE THE THUNDER GOD AWAY WHILE THE MELTER STRIKES FROM BELOW WITH HIS AWESOME POWER!


AND, IN THE STILL-SPINNING SHIP...
THERE! SHE'S UNDER MY CONTROL AGAIN! I'LL HAVE HER UNDER WAY IN SECONDS!
LOOK OUT! THERE'S DANGER BELOW!
WHO SAID THAT?

I DID! I WAS SPYING ON THEM! THE MELTER IS ABOUT TO--OH!! TOO LATE!!
A MELTING BEAM!! MISSED US BY INCHES!!

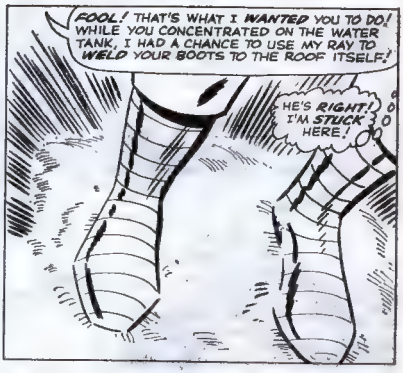

KEEP THE SHIP AIRBORNE, AVENGERS! I'LL JET OUT THROUGH THE HOLE HE CUT WITH HIS BEAM AND TACKLE HIM!
THERE HE IS --ATOP THAT SKYSCRAPER MAST BELOW! IF I CAN JUST AVOID HIS DEADLY BEAM LONG ENOUGH--!

MADE IT!! OKAY, MELTER--WAVE THE WHITE FLAG, OR MY TRANSISTOR FORCE-RAY WILL HURL YOU FROM HERE TO KINGDOM COME!
I DARE NOT SURRENDER! I'VE GOT TO STRIKE AGAIN--SOMEHOW!
ZITT!

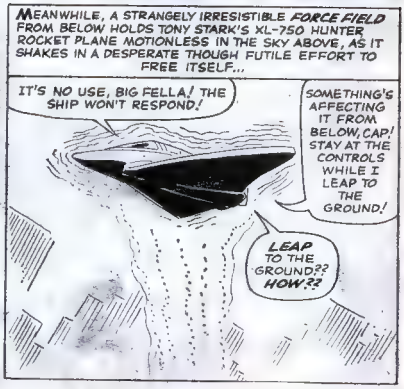

SUPPORTED BY HIS DELICATELY BALANCED CLOAK, THE MYSTERIOUS MELTER ALMOST SEEMS TO BE FLYING AS HE DODGES AMONGST THE BUILDING LEDGES, TRYING TO LURE IRON MAN TO ONE CERTAIN SPOT!
HE'S FAST--BUT I'LL GET HIM SOONER OR LATER!
I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM REACH THE EDGE OF THE ROOF--!

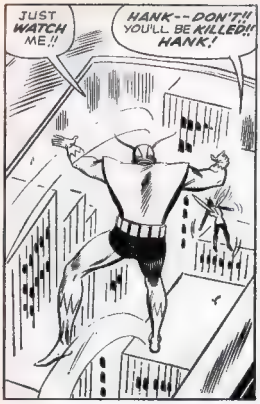
I DID IT! NOW--ALL I NEED DO IS MELT THE SUPPORTS ON WHICH THAT WATER TOWER STANDS--!
THE WATER TOWER!! SO, THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE AFTER, EH?
ZITTT!

I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, FELLA! THESE POWER TRANSISTORS OF MINE AREN'T HERE FOR SHOW!
WHOOM


FOOL! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED YOU TO DO! WHILE YOU CONCENTRATED ON THE WATER TANK, I HAD A CHANCE TO USE MY RAY TO WELD YOUR BOOTS TO THE ROOF ITSELF!
HE'S RIGHT! I'M STUCK HERE!

AND NOW THAT I HAVE YOU WHERE I WANT YOU--AND YOU'RE HELPLESS TO DODGE ME--I'LL TURN MY MELTING RAY TO FULL INTENSITY, AND FINISH YOU OFF FOREVER!


MEANWHILE, A STRANGELY IRRESISTIBLE FORCE FIELD FROM BELOW HOLDS TONY STARK'S XL-750 HUNTER ROCKET PLANE MOTIONLESS IN THE SKY ABOVE, AS IT SHAKES IN A DESPERATE THOUGH FUTILE EFFORT TO FREE ITSELF...
IT'S NO USE, BIG FELLA! THE SHIP WON'T RESPOND!
SOMETHING'S AFFECTING IT FROM BELOW, CAP! STAY AT THE CONTROLS WHILE I LEAP TO THE GROUND!
LEAP TO THE GROUND?? HOW??


JUST WATCH ME!!
HANK--DON'T!! YOU'LL BE KILLED!! HANK!

STAY BACK, WASP! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!
I'VE GOT TO GROW--TO MY LARGEST SIZE--WHILE I'M FALLING--!!

THERE! BY TIMING IT JUST RIGHT, IT'S NOTHING FOR A 100-FOOTER TO LAND ASTRIDE TWO ROOF-TOPS--LIKE THIS!

THEN, SCANNING THE CROWD IN THE STREET BELOW, WITH HIS MANY TIMES NORMAL-SIZED EYES, THE TOWERING TITAN SOON PICKS OUT--
I THOUGHT SO! THE ENCHANTRESS--AND THE EXECUTIONER--JUST AS CAP SAID!

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HOLDING OUR PLANE IN ONE OF HER MYSTIC SPELLS! UH OH! THEY SEE ME!
HOLD IT, YOU TWO! THE AVENGERS WANT YOU!!
NEWSREEL M.M.M.S. MEETS

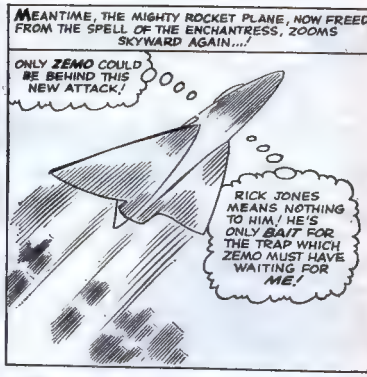
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN A LITTLE WASP CAN BE MORE EFFECTIVE THAN AN ENORMOUS GIANT! JUST SO LONG AS THEY DON'T SEE ME SPILL THIS CAN OF GREASE BENEATH THEM....!

BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF SATURN!!! WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ???

NOW TO USE MY "WASP'S STING" AGAINST THE ENCHANTRESS BEFORE SHE SEES--OH! TOO LATE!
THE WASP! A SIMPLE SPELL WILL BE ENOUGH FOR SO TINY A FOE!

AHHH! IF ONLY ALL MY CONQUESTS COULD BE MADE SO EASILY!
I CAN'T FLY ANY LONGER! SHE PARALYZED MY WINGS!

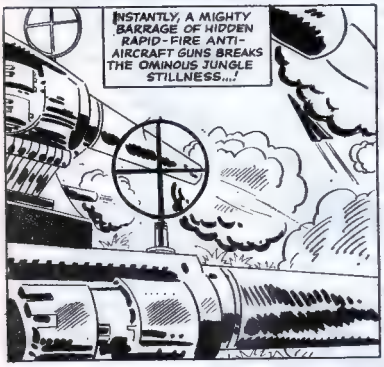
BUT SUDDENLY, A RAGING, EAR-SHATTERING, THUNDEROUS CRY RINGS OUT--!!
DROP HER--- IN THE NAME OF THE AVENGERS!!
IT'S THE GIANT ONE! LEAVE THE WASP--WE HAVE OTHER TASKS TO COMPLETE!
AGREED! BUT SHE KNOWS THE BOY IS ON HIS WAY TO ZEMO,* WE MUST BE CAREFUL!
*AS WE SAW LAST WEEK—ALF.

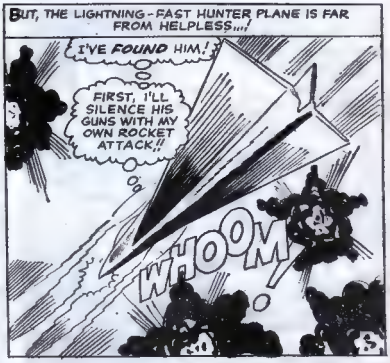

MEANTIME, THE MIGHTY ROCKET PLANE, NOW FREED FROM THE SPELL OF THE ENCHANTRESS, ZOOMS SKYWARD AGAIN...!
ONLY ZEMO COULD BE BEHIND THIS NEW ATTACK!
RICK JONES MEANS NOTHING TO HIM! HE'S ONLY BAIT FOR THE TRAP WHICH ZEMO MUST HAVE WAITING FOR ME!

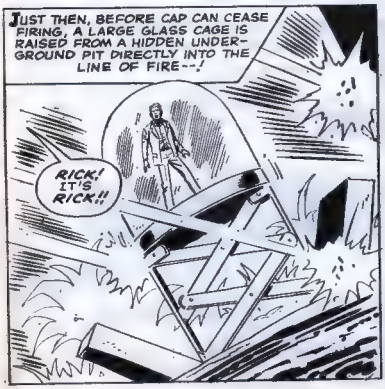
AND HE WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED! I'M GOING AFTER HIM--ALONE! THIS TIME OUR FIGHT WILL BE--TO THE FINISH!!

FLYING AT MANY TIMES THE SPEED OF SOUND, THE XL-750 REACHES THE AMAZON JUNGLE WITHIN MINUTES...
RRRRRRR
ZEMO WILL SHOW HIMSELF, SOONER OR LATER!
ZEMO! HE'S HERE! I HAVE HIM ON OUR RADAR!

THEN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, YOU FOOL?? YOU KNOW MY ORDERS!!
BRING HIM DOWN! BRING HIM DOWN! HE MUST NOT ESCAPE ME AGAIN!


INSTANTLY, A MIGHTY BARRAGE OF HIDDEN RAPID-FIRE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BREAKS THE OMINOUS JUNGLE STILLNESS...!


BUT, THE LIGHTNING-FAST HUNTER PLANE IS FAR FROM HELPLESS...!
I'VE FOUND HIM!
FIRST, I'LL SILENCE HIS GUNS WITH MY OWN ROCKET ATTACK!!
WHOOM!


JUST THEN, BEFORE CAP CAN CEASE FIRING, A LARGE GLASS CAGE IS RAISED FROM A HIDDEN UNDER-GROUND PIT DIRECTLY INTO THE LINE OF FIRE--!
RICK! IT'S RICK!!

THIS WAS ZEMO'S TRAP! HE WANTED ME TO BE THE ONE TO CAUSE RICK'S DEATH! AND, HEAVEN HELP ME--IT ALMOST HAPPENED!!
THE ROCKET FIRE BROKE OPEN MY CAGE!!

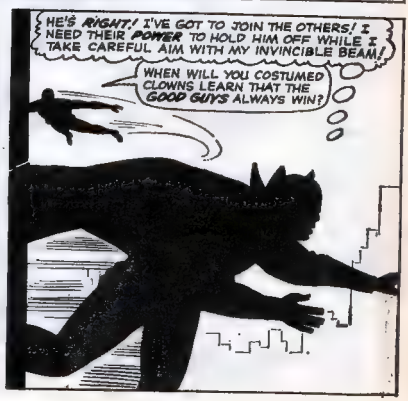
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CITY, THE FATEFUL BATTLE STILL RAGES, UNCHECKED...
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO STAY NEAR THE ROOFTOPS, WHERE THOR DARE NOT LOOSE THE FULL FURY OF HIS HAMMER!

HAH! MY FLYING STEED CAN VAULT OVER AN OBSTACLE, BUT YOU CAN'T CHECK YOUR FLIGHT SO EASILY, THUNDER GOD!
HE'S RIGHT! I'M ABOUT TO CRASH INTO THAT BUILDING!

BUT, BY TURNING IN MID-AIR, I CAN STRIKE WITH MY FEET, THUS BOUNCING OFF AROUND THE WALL AND CONTINUING ON MY WAY!
THUP!

BUT THOR'S FLIGHT TAKES HIM TO WHERE THE IRON MAN FACES THE MELTER...
NOW!! WHA--I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! THE ONE THING MY MELTING BEAM CANNOT AFFECT!! THOR'S HAMMER!
AT LAST! HE'S DEFLECTED THE BEAM! NOW MY POWER JETS WRENCH ME FREE!!

BACK, YOU IRON CLOD!! YOU CANNOT DEFY ME! YOUR ARMOUR IS NOT ENCHANTED AS THOR'S HAMMER IS!
MAYBE NOT! BUT YOUR MELTING BEAM IS USELESS UNLESS IT HITS ITS TARGET!
AND MY JETS MAKE ME MUCH TOO FAST FOR YOU, SONNY!


HE'S RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO JOIN THE OTHERS! I NEED THEIR POWER TO HOLD HIM OFF WHILE I TAKE CAREFUL AIM WITH MY INVINCIBLE BEAM!
WHEN WILL YOU COSTUMED CLOWNS LEARN THAT THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN?

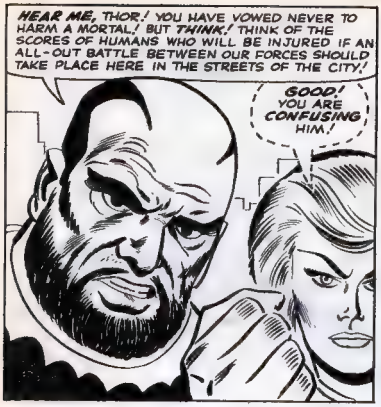
BUT, LUCK SEEMS TO BE WITH THE "BAD GUYS", FOR--JUST THEN--
MELTER! QUICKLY--ON TO THE CAR! WE'LL HELP YOU ESCAPE!
JUST IN TIME! IRON MAN ALMOST HAD ME TRAPPED!
ALMOST--BAH! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! YOU WERE FINISHED!

AND SO ARE YOU, EXECUTIONER! ALL OF YOU!
GIANT-MAN!!
IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR ZEMO'S MASTERS OF EVIL!
WHOOM!

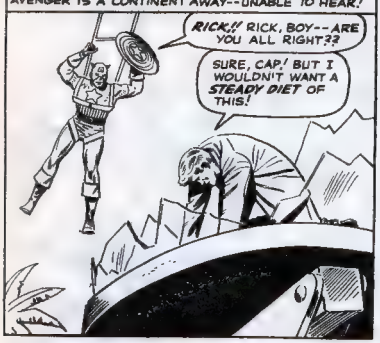
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM ON THE RUN--SO SHE'S NO TIME FOR A NEW SPELL!
HE FLATTENED THAT CAR WITH ONE STRIKE!
NO MATTER! I'M STILL HIS MASTER! ALL I NEED IS A WEAPON!

I'LL FINISH HIM! MY LANCE IS WEAPON ENOUGH!
NOT WHEN I CAN USE THIS FLATTENED CAR AS A SHIELD!

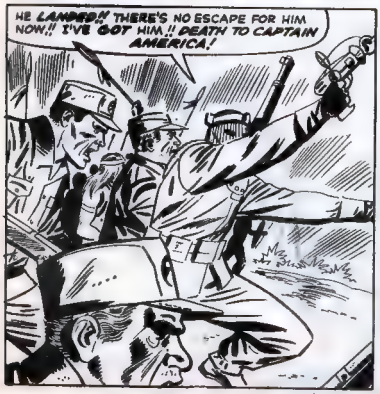
SPEAKING OF SHIELDS--WHAT HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN AMERICA?!
QUICKLY--REGROUP! STAND TOGETHER FOR MAXIMUM POWER!
BAH! EVEN WITHOUT A WEAPON, MY STRENGTH CAN DEFEAT ANY AVENGER!
EXCEPT MIGHTY THOR, BRAGGART!
IT LOOKS LIKE THE SHOWDOWN, AT LAST!

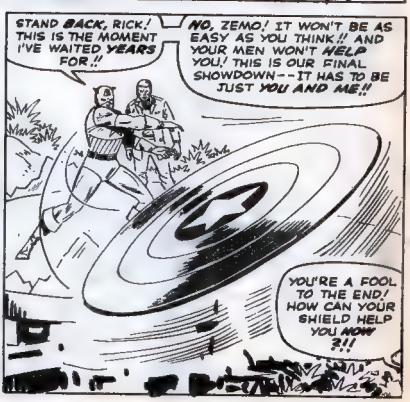

HEAR ME, THOR! YOU HAVE VOWED NEVER TO HARM A MORTAL! BUT THINK! THINK OF THE SCORES OF HUMANS WHO WILL BE INJURED IF AN ALL-OUT BATTLE BETWEEN OUR FORCES SHOULD TAKE PLACE HERE IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY!
GOOD! YOU ARE CONFUSING HIM!

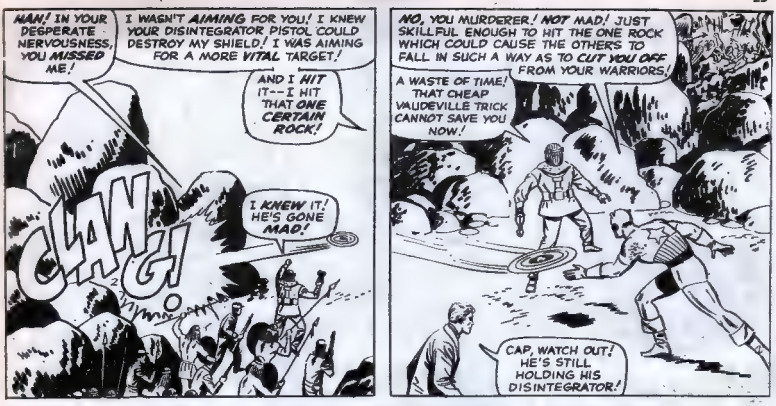
HE'S RIGHT! WE'RE ALMOST EQUALLY MATCHED! THE DAMAGE COULD BE UNIMAGINABLE!
THEY CARE NOTHING FOR HUMAN SAFETY! DO NOT RELAX YOUR VIGILANCE! THEY SEEK TO CATCH US OFF-GUARD!
BAH! IF STEALTH CANNOT DEFEAT YOU --I'LL TURN AGAIN TO BRUTE FORCE!!
AVENGERS, ASSEMBLE!!!

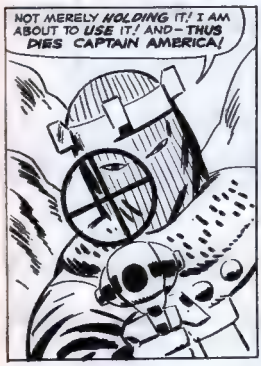

BUT, AS THE MIGHTY RALLYING CRY IS SOUNDED, ONE AVENGER IS A CONTINENT AWAY--UNABLE TO HEAR!
RICK!! RICK, BOY--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT??
SURE, CAP! BUT I WOULDN'T WANT A STEADY DIET OF THIS!

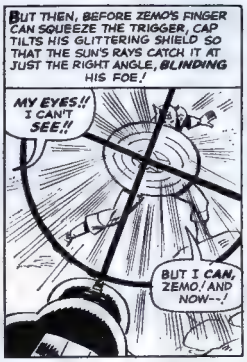
I THINK YOU'LL BE SAFE NOW, LAD! YOU WERE JUST A MEANS TO AN END--I'M THE ONE ZEMO WANTS TO DESTROY!
BUT, CAP--YOU'RE ALL ALONE--AND ZEMO HAS WEAPONS--MEN--EVERYTHING IN HIS FAVOUR!
NOT EVERYTHING, RICK! THERE'S ONE WEAPON WE'RE ARMED WITH WHICH HE CAN NEVER POSSESS!
A THING CALLED--JUSTICE!

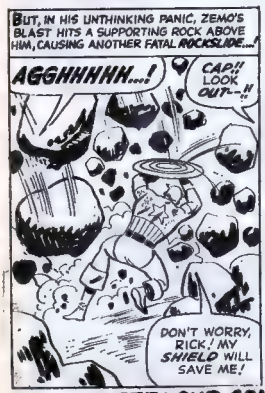

HE LANDED!! THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR HIM NOW!! I'VE GOT HIM!! DEATH TO CAPTAIN AMERICA!

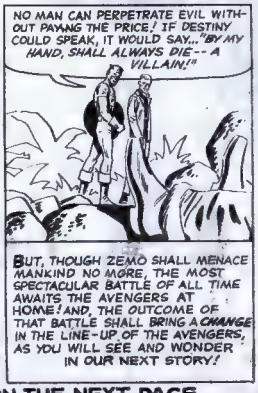

STAND BACK, RICK! THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR!!
NO, ZEMO! IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS YOU THINK!! AND YOUR MEN WON'T HELP YOU! THIS IS OUR FINAL SHOWDOWN--IT HAS TO BE JUST YOU AND ME!!
YOU'RE A FOOL TO THE END! HOW CAN YOUR SHIELD HELP YOU NOW ?!!











NOTE: OUR COMPETITION APPEARS ON THE NEXT PAGE...

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with Sportishift stub-type gear lever. They have gold banana shaped pub saddles, sweeping chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims

GET LUCKY!

Only *two* short weeks are left in the POWER POP COMPETITION—so if you haven't entered yet cry, "By the bristling beard of Odin I too shall compete!!" Then read the rules and have a go!

Ten lucky frantic ones are bound to win MUSTANGS and YOU could be one of them!

Now get cracking! Remember you can send one coupon from *each* of the POWER mags every week of the competition.

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, you can post your coupon(s) now, or you can save them until the end of the competition. All entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select

Bachelors		Monkees	
Barron Knights		Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens		Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard		Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield		Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers		Shadows	
Ken Dodd		Tom Jones	
Lulu		Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas		Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann		Walker Brothers	

AGE ..... NAME .....
Block letters

ADDRESS .....
Block letters

.....

.....

Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION
98 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2B

26.8.67

Cut around dotted line

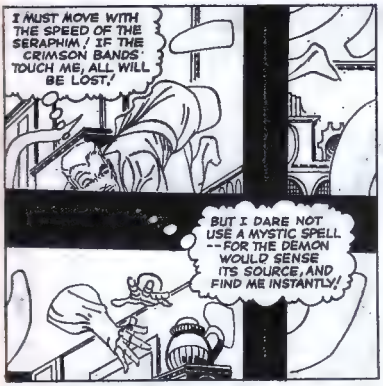
Dr. STRANGE
MASTER OF MYSTIC ARTS!
"FACE-TO-FACE AT LAST WITH BARON MORDO!"
THE MOST ORIGINAL, MOST TALKED-ABOUT NEW SERIES IN YEARS, RISES TO STILL GREATER HEIGHTS OF GLORY IN THIS MAGNIFICENT POWER EPIC!
AIDED BY THE POWER OF THE DREAD DORMAMMU, EVIL BARON MORDO HAS PURSUED DR. STRANGE HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD!
AND NOW, IN THIS NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN EPIC--HE CATCHES HIM!! DON'T WASTE ANOTHER SECOND! START READING NOW--!
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

ON A BLEAK, RAIN-SWEPT EVENING A TAXI DISCHARGES ITS SILENT, BROODING PASSENGER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
WOW! A DOLLAR TIP! HEY, THANKS A LOT, MISTER!
HE DIDN'T ANSWER! MAYBE HE'S HARD-OF-HEARING!
BUT, DR. STRANGE IS FAR FROM BEING HARD-OF-HEARING! INSTEAD, HE IS CONCENTRATING INTENTLY ON HIS EVERY ACTION, FOR THE SLIGHTEST MISTAKE CAN MEAN HIS INSTANT DESTRUCTION!
MORDO WILL NEVER STOP SEARCHING FOR ME! I'M NO SAFER IN AMERICA THAN I WAS IN THE ORIENT!
HE IS CERTAIN TO HAVE A TRAP WAITING FOR ME AT MY OBSCURE TOWN HOUSE — AND YET, I MUST CHANCE IT!
FOR, WITHIN MY SANCTUM ARE MANY MYSTIC DEVICES WHICH WILL AID ME IN LEARNING THE SOURCE OF MORDO'S NEW STRENGTH!!
BUT, I DARE NOT ENTER DIRECTLY! FIRST, I MUST SEE WHAT DANGERS AWAIT ME WITHIN!
I SHALL STAND WITHIN THE SHADOWS OF THIS DARKENED DOORWAY...
...WHILST MY INVISIBLE SPIRIT FORM LEAVES MY PHYSICAL BODY WITH THE SILENCE OF A MIDNIGHT BREEZE...
SINCE NO SOLID OBJECT CAN BAR THE MOVEMENT OF AN ECTOPLASMIC BODY, DR. STRANGE'S SPIRIT FORM ENTERS HIS CHAMBER WITHIN SECONDS, TO FIND...
A LIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE WITHIN!!
IT IS INDEED FORTUNATE THAT I ACTED WITH CAUTION, FOR ONE OF MORDO'S MYSTIC DEMONS HAS BEEN STATIONED HERE--TO AWAIT MY RETURN!
HOW SURE OF HIS POWER MUST MORDO BE, TO DARE SUCH AN INVASION OF MY DOMAIN!

HE STIFFENS IN ALARM! HE SENSES MY PRESENCE! I MUST VANISH!
THERE IS A SILENT LIFE FORCE WHICH HAS APPEARED FROM NOWHERE!

IT FLED WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT-- BUT IT SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME!

LET THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK SURGE FORTH, SEEKING THE ONE WHO IS NEAR!


I MUST MOVE WITH THE SPEED OF THE SERAPHIM! IF THE CRIMSON BANDS TOUCH ME, ALL WILL BE LOST!
BUT I DARE NOT USE A MYSTIC SPELL --FOR THE DEMON WOULD SENSE ITS SOURCE, AND FIND ME INSTANTLY!

CYTTORAK'S BANDS ARE ENCIRCLING THE ENTIRE BUILDING!! THEY GROW EVER WIDER--EVER TIGHTER! IF I AM TO ELUDE THEM, IT MUST BE NOW!

THERE! ONE IS MOVING AWAY FROM THE OTHER, TO ALLOW A NEW BAND TO PASS THROUGH. I HAVE A SECOND IN WHICH TO ACT--!
THE VISHANTI BE PRAISED!! I HAVE DONE IT!

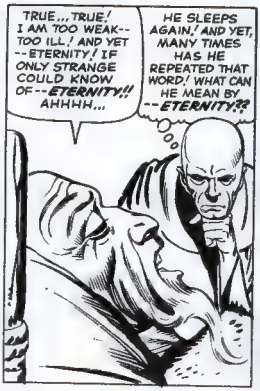
AND, AS THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS FADES FROM THE NOW-BEWITCHED BUILDING...
I NO LONGER SENSE ANOTHER PRESENCE! PERHAPS I WAS MISTAKEN! LET THE CRIMSON BANDS BE THUS DISSOLVED!

ONCE AGAIN I AM SAFE--BUT ONLY FOR THE MOMENT!
I MUST STILL FIND A WAY TO REGAIN MASTERY OF MY OWN MYSTIC RETREAT!

YET, I DARE NOT ATTEMPT A DIRECT ATTACK! I CANNOT ALLOW THAT DEMON USURPER TO WARN MORDO OF MY RETURN!

MEANWHILE, HALF-WAY AROUND THE GLOBE, MORDO'S TIRELESS WRAITHS CONTINUE THEIR NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR DR. STRANGE! AND, IN SO DOING, THEY GLIDE SILENTLY PAST A CERTAIN CAVE...

...NOT SUSPECTING THAT THE INJURED ANCIENT ONE IS HIDDEN WITHIN, PROTECTED BY A SPELL OF CONCEALMENT WHICH IS OLDER THAN RECORDED TIME....!
MY LOYAL DISCIPLE CANNOT BATTLE MORDO AND MORDO'S NEW ALLY ALONE! HE NEEDS HELP--ETERNITY! ETERNITY!
YOU MUST REST, MASTER! YOU MUST NOT TIRE YOURSELF!


TRUE... TRUE! I AM TOO WEAK--TOO ILL! AND YET --ETERNITY! IF ONLY STRANGE COULD KNOW OF--ETERNITY!! AHHHH...
HE SLEEPS AGAIN! AND YET, MANY TIMES HAS HE REPEATED THAT WORD! WHAT CAN HE MEAN BY --ETERNITY??

BUT, UNAWARE OF THE WORD WHICH THE ANCIENT ONE HAS BEEN CONSTANTLY WHISPERING, THE FUGITIVE MAGICIAN LOCATES A SMALL, DIMLY-LIT SHOP ON A LONELY SIDE STREET...
THIS IS IT! A COSTUME SHOP!
COSTUM
SOLD
RENTED

LATER, AS THE PALE SHROUD OF EVENING BEGINS TO LIFT O'ER THE SLEEPING CITY...
OPEN UP, DR. STRANGE! I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! I SAW A LIGHT AT ONE OF THE WINDOWS!
RAP! RAP! RAP!
I'VE COME TO CHALLENGE YOU! TO MATCH MY MAGIC POWERS AGAINST YOURS!

AND, INSIDE A HEAVILY-DRAPED CHAMBER...
SOME COSTUMED OAF WHO CANNOT SUSPECT WHAT HE IS BLUNDERING INTO, STANDS OUTSIDE!
I MUST DISPOSE OF HIM AT ONCE!

AND SO...
HEY! WHO ARE YOU?? YOU CAN'T FOOL ME! YOU'RE NOT DR. STRANGE!
BEGONE, WITLESS ONE! THERE IS NO DR. STRANGE WITHIN THESE CONFINES! HE HAS DEPARTED--FOREVER!

BAH! YOU CANNOT FOOL ME! I KNOW HE'S INSIDE! I'M GOING TO THE NEWSPAPERS! I'LL TELL THEM WHAT A FRAUD HE IS--WHAT A COWARD HE IS!
THAT I CANNOT ALLOW! I MUST STOP HIM!
WAIT! COME BACK!

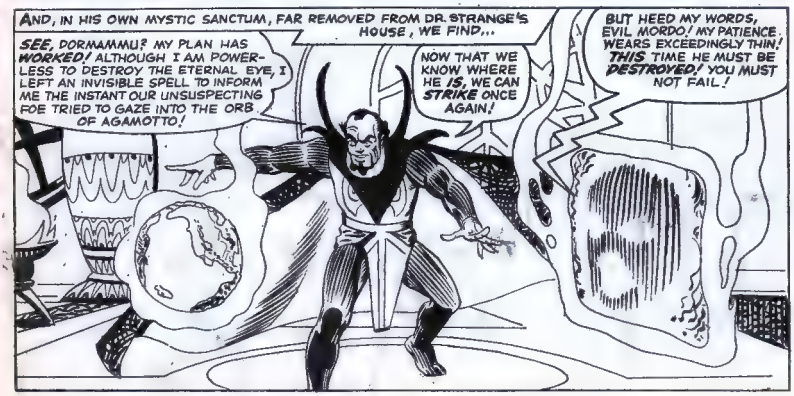
IT WORKED! HAVING NO SUSPICION OF MY REAL IDENTITY, HE LET HIS MYSTIC GUARD DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO BE PHYSICALLY ATTACKED!

NOW, I'VE JUST TIME ENOUGH TO GAZE INTO THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF AGAMOTTO, TO LEARN THE SOURCE OF MORDO'S NEWLY-INCREASED POWER!

FOR, ONLY BY KNOWING FROM WHENCE HIS POWER COMES, WILL I BE ABLE TO DEVISE A SPELL POTENT ENOUGH TO DESTROY IT!
AHH! THERE IS WHAT I SEEK!

BY ALL THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, I COMMAND THEE, AWESOME AGAMOTTO, LET THINE ALL-SEEING EYE OPEN BEFORE ME!

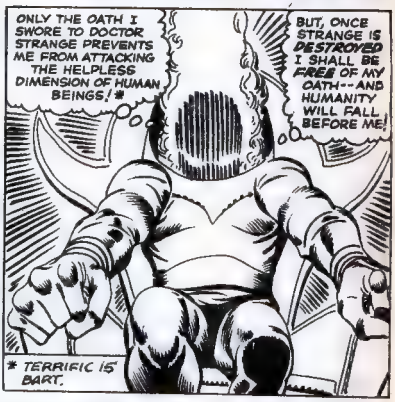
BUT, IN THE VERY NEXT SECOND, THE MASTER OF MAGIC REALIZES--
IT IS A TRAP! THE ALL-SEEING EYE WAS COVERED BY ONE OF MORDO'S SPELLS!


AND, IN HIS OWN MYSTIC SANCTUM, FAR REMOVED FROM DR. STRANGE'S HOUSE, WE FIND...
SEE, DORMAMMU? MY PLAN HAS WORKED! ALTHOUGH I AM POWERLESS TO DESTROY THE ETERNAL EYE, I LEFT AN INVISIBLE SPELL TO INFORM ME THE INSTANT OUR UNSUSPECTING FOE TRIED TO GAZE INTO THE ORB OF AGAMOTTO!
NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE HE IS, WE CAN STRIKE ONCE AGAIN!
BUT HEED MY WORDS, EVIL MORDO! MY PATIENCE WEARS EXCEEDINGLY THIN! THIS TIME HE MUST BE DESTROYED! YOU MUST NOT FAIL!

I CANNOT FAIL--NOT NOW, THAT I HAVE YOUR UNEARTHLY POWER ADDED TO MY OWN! AND SO, DREAD DORMAMMU, I TURN TO YOU AGAIN--
INCREASE MY POWER ONCE MORE! BATHE ME IN THE GLOW OF YOUR EERIE RADIANCE!! MORE--MORE!! AHHH--THIS TIME VICTORY SHALL SURELY BE OURS!

THUS, FORTIFIED WITH THE ALMOST LIMITLESS POWER OF THE MASTER OF THE DARK DIMENSION, BARON MORDO CONVERTS HIMSELF INTO AN AURA OF SHEER ENERGY, FLYING AT A SPEED WHICH CANNOT EVEN BE MEASURED BY MORTAL BEINGS!
NOTHING CAN SAVE DR. STRANGE NOW!

WHILE THE DREAD DORMAMMU THINKS HIS OWN INHUMAN THOUGHTS--AND CREATES HIS OWN MIND-STAGGERING PLANS!
THE TIME GROWS NEARER--EVER NEARER!


ONLY THE OATH I SWORE TO DOCTOR STRANGE PREVENTS ME FROM ATTACKING THE HELPLESS DIMENSION OF HUMAN BEINGS! *
BUT, ONCE STRANGE IS DESTROYED I SHALL BE FREE OF MY OATH--AND HUMANITY WILL FALL BEFORE ME!
* TERRIFIC IS BART.

EVEN MORDO DOES NOT SUSPECT MY TRUE MOTIVE FOR HELPING HIM--NOR THE EXTENT OF MY TRUE POWER!
FATHER, THE DREADED ONE HAS SAT THUS MOTIONLESS FOR DAYS! YOU ARE HIS CLOSEST DISCIPLE! WHAT NEW, FANTASTIC PLAN IS HE PLOTTING?
IT IS NOT SAFE TO ASK, MY CHILD! HE SHALL TELL US, IN HIS OWN GOOD TIME!

ONCE BEFORE I HAD THIS SAME TERRIBLE PREMONITION! IT WAS WHEN THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR STRANGE WAS IN DANGER! CAN IT BE THAT HE AGAIN STANDS AT THE THRESHOLD OF--HIS DOOM??

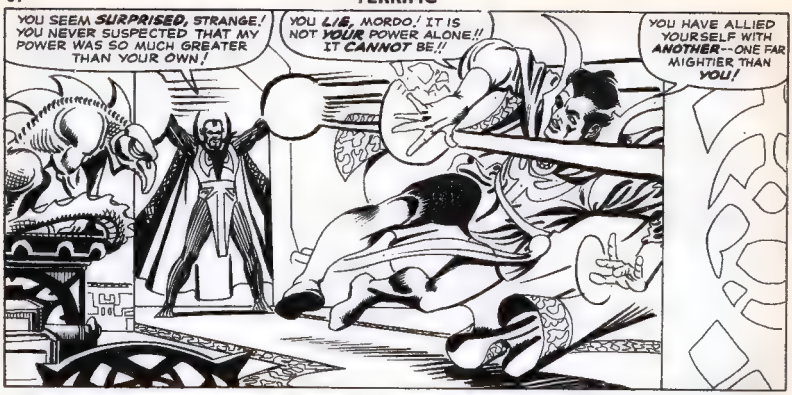
MEANTIME...
IF MORDO CAST A SPELL OVER THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO, THEN I CAN NO LONGER DELAY OUR BATTLE! BUT, I SHALL FACE HIM AS--DR. STRANGE!
EVEN NOW, I DETECT HIS SINISTER AURA!

SO, HATED ONE! THE MASQUERADE IS ENDED! WE FACE EACH OTHER AT LAST!
TRULY SPOKEN, BARON MORDO! BUT THIS TIME I AM DONE WITH FLEEING! NO MATTER HOW POWERFUL YOU ARE, I SHALL STAND AND FIGHT!

YOU SHALL DO MORE THAN THAT, STRANGE! YOU SHALL ALSO--DIE!
NEVER HAS HE BEEN SO CONFIDENT--SO SURE OF VICTORY! IF ONLY I COULD KNOW HOW HIS STRENGTH HAS BEEN INCREASED!!

HAH! FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOUR ACCURSED AMULET CANNOT STOP ME, FOR MY EYES HAVE BEEN PROTECTED AGAINST ITS GLEAMING LIGHT!

SPELL AFTER SPELL IS HURLED AT DR. STRANGE--SPELLS WITHOUT LIMIT--WITHOUT END--FOR THE SOURCE OF MORDO'S POWER COMES FROM A FAR DISTANT DIMENSION!
HE'S BATTERING ME UNMERCIFULLY! HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I HOLD OUT??


YOU SEEM SURPRISED, STRANGE! YOU NEVER SUSPECTED THAT MY POWER WAS SO MUCH GREATER THAN YOUR OWN!
YOU LIE, MORDO! IT IS NOT YOUR POWER ALONE!! IT CANNOT BE!!
YOU HAVE ALLIED YOURSELF WITH ANOTHER--ONE FAR MIGHTIER THAN YOU!

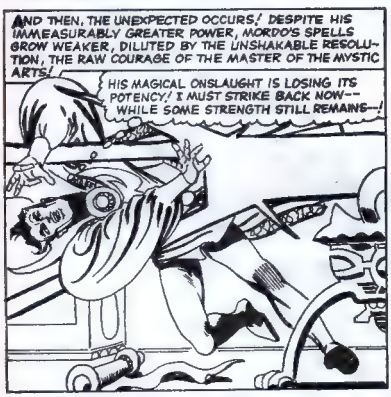
YOU ARE MERELY GUESSING!! YOU HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING!
NOW, WHILE I HAVE DISTRACTED HIM! I'LL STRIKE WITH ALL THE FORCE MY AMULET CAN MUSTER!!

BUT, ALTHOUGH THE SPEED OF DR. STRANGE CATCHES HIS EVIL ADVERSARY OFF-GUARD, IT IS TO NO AVAIL...!
SEE HOW EASILY I SHRUG OFF YOUR WEAK ATTACK!
I WAS RIGHT! HE IS POSSESSED OF ANOTHER SOURCE OF POWER! BUT WHOSE??

YOU STRUGGLE TO GAIN TIME! YOU HOPE TO DISCOVER HOW I HAVE GAINED MY GREAT POWER, AND THUS FIND A WAY TO DEFEAT ME! BUT, YOUR TIME HAS RUN OUT, DR. STRANGE!

HOW CAN YOU STILL REMAIN CONSCIOUS?? WHAT IS KEEPING YOU ALIVE??
NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A WILL--SUCH AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT! BUT HE CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

I DARE NOT LET HIM CRUSH ME! MY OWN LIFE IS OF NO VALUE--BUT I CANNOT ABANDON MANKIND! I CANNOT PERMIT MORDO TO UNLEASH HIS AWESOME POWER AGAINST HUMANITY!


AND THEN, THE UNEXPECTED OCCURS! DESPITE HIS IMMEASURABLY GREATER POWER, MORDO'S SPELLS GROW WEAKER, DILUTED BY THE UNSHAKABLE RESOLUTION, THE RAW COURAGE OF THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!
HIS MAGICAL ONSLAUGHT IS LOSING ITS POTENCY! I MUST STRIKE BACK NOW--WHILE SOME STRENGTH STILL REMAINS--!

HE IS CONFUSED--UNCERTAIN! HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND HOW I SURVIVE! THIS IS THE MOMENT TO MUSTER ALL MY FORCE--ALL MY REMAINING POWER--!

BUT, FROM THE DIM RECESSES OF ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE MOST POWERFUL PRACTITIONER OF THE ANCIENT ARTS THROWS HIS OWN LIMITLESS STRENGTH INTO THE FRAY--!
MORDO! STAND FAST!! I SHALL ATTACK HIM THROUGH YOU! LET YOUR MIND GO BLANK--DORMAMMU COMMANDS!!

THUS, NEW POWER SEEMS TO EMANATE FROM THE EVIL MORDO AS HIS MORTAL BODY STIFFENS, ARMS UPRAISED, A DEMONIAC GLEAM APPEARING IN HIS UNBLINKING EYES, AS HE SPEAKS WITH A VOICE NOT TRULY HIS OWN--!
PREPARE YOURSELF, DR. STRANGE--FOR THE INEVITABLE--!!

MORDO!! YOU'VE CHANGED!! AND--THAT VOICE! I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE!! BUT--WHERE?? WHERE??

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

REMEMBER THE OTHER WEEK we introduced you to some *more* of the garret gang, and at the same time told you just a *leetle* about the various tasks and talents that go into the making of a comic magazine ! Well, it seems we stirred up a lot of latent interest amongst many of you frantic ones. Seems that many, many of you are MIGHTILY INTERESTED not only in our peerless papers, but in COMIC PUBLISHING generally ! Some of you are even hoping to make a career for yourself in the comic paper publishing field. So you wanted MORE information ! Information on what sort of qualifications, what sort of talent, does an EDITOR need ? Or a comic strip ARTIST, or a WRITER !

Well, we don't have to tell you, do we ? YOUR word is OUR command ! If that's what you want, that's what you shall have ! If you really WANT us to start out on a short educational course, we're happy to do it ! And if some of you get sore about it, remember it was your *brothers* in the Brotherhood of Power that asked for it.

But we've taken so long telling you what we're going to do, we've no space now to *DO* it in ! So we'll start right out next week . . . on LESSON ONE . . . and we'll pinpoint the feller that starts the ball rolling on *any* story . . . THE SCRIPT-WRITER ! Okay ?

Bad, sad tidings for all you female fans of that battling, POW-based Howler NICK FURY ! (and can you tell US how come that scrap-battered kisser of his breaks of many feminine hearts ? WE don't know !) But back to this bad news ! Even NOW we can hardly believe it, and, darn it, we were the *first* to see the earth-rocking pages on which it happens ! SERGEANT NICK FURY, the roughest, toughest, fightingest G.I. of World War Two, has . . . has . . . all right, all right, we're *going* to tell you but we're just taking a deep shuddering, shocked breath before the plunge ! ! *HE'S FALLEN IN LOVE !* And not with some spanking new piece of combat equipment ! ! Not with some nice, dry, bullet-disconcertin' *foxhole !* BUT WITH *A GIRL ! !* It's an ever-lovin' FACT ! ! You can see it for yourselves, in non-arguable black-and-white . . . right there, in POW, *this week !* WOWWW ! ! ! !

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Thomas Cawley, Harrow, London ; Zita Tobin, Southampton ; Marcus Cutler, Maidstone, Kent ; Ronald Mayer, Dagenham, Essex ; Fiona Kennedy, Welwyn Garden City, Herts. ; Clive Wood, Burnley ; Robert Cartwright, Malvern, Worcs. ; Patrick Flanagan, Londonderry, N. Ireland ; Gary Myles, Salisbury, Wilts. ; Nicholas Archer, Bristol ; Steven Goodall, Rotherham ; Martyn Chilvers, Chester ; Tony Dangerfield, Wirral, Cheshire ; Gillian Dunn, Liverpool ; David Cooper, Hitchin, Herts. ; Robert Lawrence, Peterborough ; Keith Carnish, Faversham, Kent ; Stephen Clarke, Warrington, Lancs. ; Judith Glue, Kirkwall, Orkney ; Stephen Lamont, Bootle, Lancs.

ODD SPORTS

FOOT-PROPELLED BOAT-RACE

Intha villagers on the banks of Lake Inle in Southern Burma have their annual boat-race. But it is a boat-race with a difference.

Instead of sculling skiffs, the Inthas race in canoes. And instead of wielding their paddles with their hands, they use their feet.

Each canoe is about 14 feet long and two feet wide and has a crew of six. Balanced on one leg, they twist the other round their six-foot paddle.

At each strike they lean forward, then with a backward kick they dig their paddles into the water to propel the canoe at a fantastic speed !

The paddler in the bow of the canoe acts as stroke and the rest of the crew paddle in time to his chanting.

Crews practice for weeks before the race and are so highly-trained that their swinging bodies and regular strokes would do credit to a university eight.

The course is over a distance of about five miles, and between 20 and 30 foot-paddled canoes enter for the annual race

BULL FIGHTS BULL

Bull fighting has been for hundreds of years a popular sport amongst the mountain people of Visoka in Yugoslavia.

Yugoslavian bull-fighting would horrify Spanish fans of the sport. Visoka bull-fights are not between bulls and torreadors, but between bulls and bulls !

The bulls that fight each other are small, sturdy mountain cattle with huge horns. They are specially bred for the sport and for several days before a contest are prodded with sticks to get them into a thoroughly bad temper.

Each village for miles around sends its bull, and the fight festival lasts for three days because of the eliminating heats or bouts leading up to the final.

The fight takes place in a valley, and the bull ring, which is about 50 yards in diameter, is surrounded by a heavy wooden fence behind which stand or sit the spectators. At each end of the bull ring there is a gate through which the bull warriors enter for the fray.

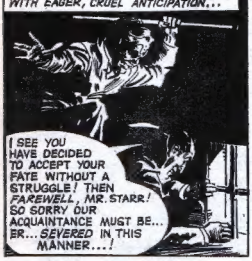
Immediately the bulls enter the ring, the gates are closed behind them. For a couple of minutes the two bulls face each other, scraping the ground with their hoofs.

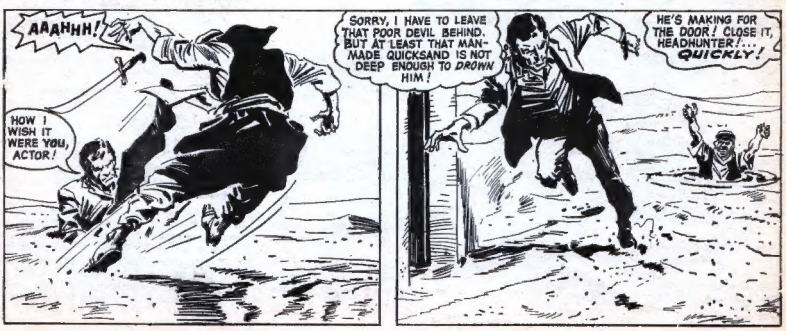
Then one of them rushes forward to open the attack. His opponent does the same, and they meet in a headlong clash of horns.

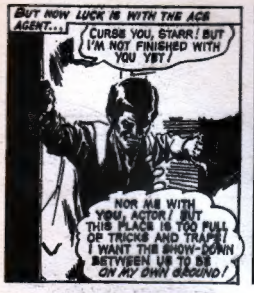
Each contest lasts about 15 minutes, by which time one or other of the bulls has been so gored and battered that he turns tail and rushes for his gate, which is immediately opened to let him through. The bull that wins the final usually has had to battle his way to victory through a dozen or more eliminating contests.

THE DRAMA OF DOOM

IN HIS GLOOMY DESERTED THEATRE LAIR THAT MASTER OF EVIL CALLED **THE ACTOR** HAS PRODUCED A LITTLE TABLEAU OF TERROR. WITH A MAN TURNED KILL-CRAZY BY THE ACTOR'S POISONED DARTS AS THE VILLAIN...AND SPECIAL AGENT **DON STARR** AS THE VICTIM...






BUT NOW LUCK IS WITH THE ACE AGENT...
CURSE YOU, STARR! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET!
NOR ME WITH YOU, ACTOR! BUT THIS PLACE IS TOO FULL OF TRICKS AND TRAPS! I WANT THE SHOW-DOWN BETWEEN US TO BE ON MY OWN GROUND!

BUT HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE? THAT'S THE NEXT PROBLEM THAT... HEY! THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE!

INSIDE AN IRON-BARRED CAGE, THREE RAGGED MEN PLEAD PITIFULLY...
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE US!
LET US FREE, I BEG YOU! THE KEY... IT'S OVER THERE!

THERE YOU ARE! BUT WE'RE ALL STILL IN TROUBLE! BECAUSE THERE SEEMS TO BE NO WAY OUT OF HERE. NO WINDOW OR DOOR...!
YES, THERE IS! A SECRET DOOR! FROM THE CAGE WE'VE SEEN THAT FIEND USE IT MANY TIMES!

THERE! YOU SEE! IT LEADS TO THE FOYER OF THE THEATRE! I REMEMBER WEEKS AGO... WHEN THAT DEVIL BROUGHT ME HERE! AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE WANTED WITH ME...!
STARRING IN
DOC TO DIE
A BLOOD-CHILL DRAMA INTO EXCITING
HE WAS GOING TO TURN YOU INTO A KILLER! BUT THIS ISN'T THE TIME OR PLACE TO DISCUSS IT...!
THE DOOR WON'T BUDGE!
THOSE BOARDS NAILED ACROSS THAT WINDOW! COME ON, LET'S ALL TAKE A PULL AT THEM!

AT LAST...
DONE IT! WE CAN CRAWL THROUGH IT NOW! AND I CAN SEE THE STREET OUTSIDE!
START CRAWLING! THAT SNAKE AND HIS BLOW-PIPING CHUM ARE SOMEWHERE NEAR! I CAN SENSE IT!

MOMENTS LATER THE KEEN-EYED AGENT CATCHES THE FLASH OF A FLEETING DART...
LOOK OUT!

AS THE STEEL DART STRIKES THE WALL...
IT'S HIT SOME POWER WIRING! GET... UUUU-HHHHHH!

DON STARR LIES UNCONSCIOUS, OBLIVIOUS TO HIS FEARFUL DANGER...
MY THEATRE! IT'S GOING TO BURN DOWN! BECAUSE OF YOU, STARR! I'M GOING TO SEE YOU STAY UNCONSCIOUS! I'M GOING TO ENSURE THAT YOU BURN WITH IT!
HOW CAN THE AGENT SURVIVE?!? BE WITH US NEXT WEEK AND FIND OUT!

A Power House PIN-UP